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Todds of the St. Croix Valley

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I am indebted to Charles F. Todd, the genial host now living in the old homestead, and Guy Murchie, who with fact, anecdote and family legend have contributed much to this simple history.

Todds of the St. Croix Valley

by

William Todd.

Privately Printed
Mount Carmel, Conn.
1943

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TODD GENEALOGY

William, d. 1794
|
John, d. 1776
m.
Molly Jameson
1748 - 1826
|

Jane
m.
Nathaniel Martin
|
James
(Wilton, N. H.)

- Robert Moor
  1797 - 1862
  m
  1. Eliza A. Lindsay
  2. Mary McG. Balfour
  - Eliza Ann
  - Robert
  - Andrew
  - Hannah (Griffin)
  - Lindsay
  - Hezediah (Damon)
  - William
  - Albert
  - Elizabeth
  - Christiana
  - Mary
  - Helen
  - Ida
- Mary Jameson
  1799 - 1849
  m.
  Joel Hill
  - Mary (Boardman)
  - Abner
  - Laura
  - Charles
  - Frances
  - Eliza (Gillmore)
  - Hester (Ray)
  - Addie (Harmon)
- Jane Martin
  1801 - 1868
  m.
  Alf. Berry
  - Edward
  - Melville
  - Orlando
  - Freeman
  - Ann
  - Mary
  - Henry
  - Emily (Hill)
- William
  1803 - 1873
  m.
  1. Clarissa Hill
  2. M. J. Haney
  - Mary (Peabody)
  - George F.
  - William Henry
  - Charles Frederick
  - Louisa (Ross)
  - Marcia (Cobban)
  - Ella A. (Murchie)
- Laura
  1805 - 1892
  m.
  John McAllister
  - Elizabeth (Stevens)
  - Mary (Stevens)
- Seth Mitchell
  1807 - 1888
  m.
  Jane Whitney

William, 1776 - 1846
m.
Hannah Worthley, 1775 - 1847

- Freeman Hale
  1809 - 1885
  m.
  1. Husadiol Grant
  2. A. Boardman
  - Emma (Lowell)
  - Alice (Clewley)
  - Frank
  - Henry F.
  - Edwin
  - William F. (Lt. Gov. of New Brunswick)
  - Addie (Young)
- Louise Worthley
  1813 - 1890
  m.
  Seth Townsend
  - Edgar
  - Laura
  - Louise
  - Mary (Harris)
- John Worthley
  1815 - 1898
  m.
  Maria Bixby
  - Adelia
  - Maria
  - Hannah (Basford)
  - Herbert
  - Warren
  - John
  - George
- Hannah Amanda
  1817 - 1878
  m.
  Samuel Hill
  - Charles
  - Hannah (DeWolfe)

Mary—married James, son of John Moore.
—on his death married Robert Wallace who died in 1832, age 91.

William—moved to Freeport, Maine. Married a Brown of North Yarmouth. Children Mary and Anne.

Daniel—married Susan, daughter of James Wilson and lived at Raymond near the Branch.

Previous investigators of Todd lineage have stopped at John Todd, of Goffstown, N. H., as the earliest documented ancestor. This John Todd should appear in this list of children. I am accepting E. O. Jameson's statement * that William Todd, of Raymond, was the father of John Todd. Jameson was a careful compilist and at the time he wrote his exhaustive work, a grandson of John Todd and a grandson of Mrs. John Todd were living in New Hampshire. He communicated with them both and got his facts first hand, for they furnished him with many anecdotes of their grandparents. Chase (the local historian) wrote his history years afterwards depending on Town Records. From the ages given it is plain that William the father brought only part of his children with him when he emigrated from Ireland. Such family migrations were not always made en masse. Other children followed as they could find the means and after a home had been established. It is my opinion that John was a late arrival from Ireland and did not linger long enough with his father in Raymond to establish a record there. He moved on to Goffstown, N. H., in 1767. William, the father died Dec. 29, 1794.

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* "The Jamesons in America".

JOHN TODD, OF GOFFSTOWN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

John Todd (son of William Todd, of Raymond, N. H.) came as a bachelor from Raymond to Goffstown, N. H., where he purchased in 1767 "Lot 9, Range 3, south side of Piscataquoq River". He never built on this land but chose to live with Robert Gilchrist whom Jameson believed to be a relative. Here he married Molly Jameson, (daughter of Hugh and Christine Jameson,) who had been born in Londonderry, N. H., in 1748. From this union came two children, Jane (who married Nathaniel Martin whose son, James and granddaughter Mrs. George Abbott were living in Wilton, N. H., in 1898) and William, the subject of the following sketch. John Todd enlisted in the colonial forces in 1776 and died in the service that year. His enlistment is recorded in the War Department Records at Washington. I give their report, dated September 26, 1929, made at my request:

"John Todd, private, Captain Barrows Company, Wingate's New Hampshire Regiment. His name appears in a muster and pay roll of men raised for Canada out of Colonel Daniel Moore's Regiment mustered and paid by Moses Kelly Esq. July 22, 1776 which shows that he belonged to the Town of Goffstown, N. H. and which shows one months pay and bounty, 9 pounds, 18 shillings, billeting 5 shillings. No further record relative to him or his service has been found".

The only military operation against Canada as late as July, 1776, was that of Benedict Arnold's on Lake Champlain. Retreating from Canada after his attempt to take Quebec, his reduced forces had reached Ticonderoga when word was received that Sir Guy Carlton, then at Montreal, was planning a counter attack. Orders reached Arnold to halt there and reinforce General Gates in his defense of Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Recruits were hurried from near by states, principally from Vermont and New Hampshire. John Todd was among them. A fleet of three schooners and a medley of galleys, cutters and gondolas were hurriedly built. This campaign is vividly described in Robert's "A Rabble in Arms". Some were not finished in time for the engagement. On the 11th and 12th of October, the two fleets met at Valcour Island, the British under the command of Captain Thomas Pringle. A stubborn

fight followed in which these New England farmers acquitted themselves well in what must have been to them a strange form of warfare. Arnold, outnumbered, was compelled to fall back. The Congress, on which he sailed, and five gondolas were run ashore and burned. The balance of the fleet sought shelter under the guns of Fort Ticonderoga. Carlton, faced by the reunited forces within the walls of Ticonderoga, and the fleet anchored below its guns, did not push his attack further and later retreated to Canada. In this campaign, either before, during or after this engagement, John Todd died. The meagre Revolutionary records do not show where he lies buried but they do reveal the loyalty of the New Hampshire Todds to the colonist's cause. War Department records show five John Todds, all from this section of New Hampshire, as enrolled in the Continental Army. Contrary to expectation, I can find no loyalists among them.

WILLIAM TODD, OF YARMOUTH, MAINE

WILLIAM TODD, (son of John Todd) born in Goffstown, N. H., February 14, 1776, the year his father died fighting in the American Revolution. These were lean years, with his mother a widow at thirty, left with two small children, on a small New Hampshire farm, in pressing poverty. In later years she was wont to tell her grandson, James Moor, of Concord, N. H., how that winter, because she had not been able to get in all the hay crop, she tore up the barn floor to get chaff to feed the cattle.

Nothing is known of his youth. It must have been that of an average country boy of early New England—helping about the farm of his step-father as soon as he was old enough to drive in the cows, with his winters spent at the village school. The Moors and Jamesons were worthy people, the kind that would believe in "schooling", and certain it is that he was given all that their humble means and the community afforded. In later years he was recognized as an educated man, judged by the standards of those days, and frequently ended his letters with a Latin quotation.

He emerges, in full prospective, at the age of 27, at Yarmouth, Me., when he joined John Worthley, Jr., a trader, in forming the firm of Todd and Worthley. He must have been in the community for sometime for he had already been town clerk of North Yarmouth, and about this time married Hannah Worthley, John's sister, daughter of John and Martha Worthley. The Worthley name has run through Yarmouth's history from its beginning. His starting life in Yarmouth was unquestionably due to the presence of his uncle, William, of Freeport, who assisted in his education.

Some of the Todd and Worthley books have survived—ledgers covering from 1802 (when John Worthley constituted the firm) to 1806, and their day-book from April 10th to October 24, 1806. Worn and venerable tomes whose blank pages have been decorated by the youth of later generations, who played in the attics where they have been stored. One William Orlando Berry, has contributed some quite worthy pen and ink sketches as well as some forcible and profane remarks. Henry

Berry scrawled his name over many pages. Helon Todd added his. Yet an analysis of these accounts gives a good cross section of the men and the times.

They were general traders buying locally, lumber, spars, farm produce, wool, cattle, card boards, candles, etc., anything the locality produced, and shipping it by their own or chartered vessels along the Atlantic coast as far as the West Indies. In return they imported sugar, teas, general supplies, mahogany, rum, brandy and gin. They conducted a carding mill for working up the wool bought and a general store. This was more of a commissary for the benefit of their employees, but surprisingly varied in its stock. Entries show the sale of inkstands, chintz, velvet, silk, ships hardware, groceries, clothing and rum—there are most liberal entries in the matter of rum:

"May 7, 1806—Widow Mary Mitchell, Dr. to 2 qts. rum—58c.

April 16—Seth Toctacker, Dr. to 2 qts of rum—58c. (with credit for the return of the jug the next day)

The town's drunkard seems to have been one James Rogers, who is charged with 79 qts. of rum, bought in one and two quart lots, in seven months, who paid his account with a load of lumber.

Prices were fixed in Yorkshire shillings (16½c.) and carried out in dollars. Little or no money passed. It was mostly barter. Zadock Mitchell brought in cattle and was paid by supplies from the store. Marine insurance premiums were paid with three to fourteen months notes, and, shades of Henry Morganthau, Jr. ! ! ! there is a page of entries aggregating $5005.05 of U. S. Custom duties paid by three and nine months notes.

Hunt and Ball of Boston, was their largest customer. From 1803-1806, they operated the following shipping:

Schooners — "Hamilton" — Chartered from Major Thomas Means. Captain Samuel Lufkin, Master.
"Active"
"Olive"
"William", Captain Joseph Chandler, Master
"Ranger", Captain Joseph Denison, Master.

"Salley", Captain Samuel Pratt, Master.
"Ruby", Captain Samuel Larrabee, Master.
"Federal Volunteer"
Brig — "Fair Trader"
Sloops — "Rachel", Chartered from Capt. John Gray.
"Columbia", Chartered.
"Brittania"

Eight of the above were in constant use during this period. While the evidence is not positive, it is probable the firm owned all the ships not enumerated as chartered, above. Certain it is that they built and owned the "Federal Volunteer" and "Brittania" in 1806. The "Hamilton" is given as 139 tons burden, and her charter cost $280.00 per month. History does not record the tonnage of the rest of the fleet but a number were large enough to trade with the West Indies. Both the "Ruby", the "Hamilton" and the "William" voyaged there, the latter trading as far as Trinidad.

Rowe in "Shipbuilding Days in Yarmouth, Maine" mentions the "Columbia" thus: "Typical, perhaps, is the charter party of the sloop 'Columbia', to William Todd, Asa Chase, Mitchell and Buxton and John Cutter in 1802 for a voyage 'to any port of the United States and last of all to North Yarmouth'."

In some cases the captains had a venture in the voyage. On one voyage of the "Ruby" to the Caribbean, Captain Larrabee paid half the crews wages and shared in the profits, being credited with a number of puncheons of rum and certain mahogany he imported.

Through a time honored custom one can trace the voyages in the entries. See bluff old Captain Larrabee rolling into the owners office for a farewell and final orders. The bottle of rum and glasses are placed on the table. "Your health, Captain, and a safe voyage" and then the thrifty entry later made—"4th voyage of the Ruby, Dr. to one quart of rum."

This William Todd was fortunate. Born late enough to escape the baneful influence of the Plymouth Colony, yet too early for the "Age of Innocence" in which his children found themselves. Yet his own personal account showed him moderate in his drinking. Occasionally a pint of gin or rum, no more, and that infrequently.

Corliss records him as clerk of the Baptist church in 1805, and an innholder in 1806, a business he conducted apparently as a side venture from the trading company.

Unfortunately events were shaping in Europe that would vitally affect the fortunes of trading companies such as this one. England was at war with Napoleon. He had by his magnificent gesture—the Decree of Berlin, and later that of Milan —declared British territory in a state of blockade. In retaliation, England issued her orders in council of January, 1807, strengthened further by an order issued in November, which declared a blockade upon France and all her possessions, which included the West Indies. This was promptly enforced by the British Fleet, with the result that America lost many vessels in that trade, and commerce with the West Indies suddenly became unprofitable.

Todd and Worthley, with others, suffered their losses. The London *Gazette* of 1812 reports as follows:

"The British Admiralty reports the capture of the Brig. "Hamilton" from Port au Prince bound to Portland. Captured by H.M.S. "Cyane", of the Havana Station, Sept. 28th, 1812".

Then a year later, the somber news, again from the London *Gazette:*

"The British Admiralty reports the capture of the American Schooner "William", of 145 tons and 7 men laden with staves and lumber from Boston, bound to Porto Bello, captured by H.M.S. "Circe May 17, 1813. Sent to Kingston".

Both these captures occurred after the failure of Todd and Worthley and would lead one to believe that previous captures had led to the failure and that these were sailing under orders of their creditors. At best the firm was ruined. A pawn had been moved on the chess board of Europe and the effect reverberated disastrously, as it usually did, on the sparsely settled coasts of America.

In 1811, he left Yarmouth with his wife and five children and moved to St. Stephen, N. B., and became a school teacher. The declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States found him on English soil. His granddaughter, in writing of these times, said that he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the king or join the English Church. He accepted

the latter alternative and as long as he lived was a good churchman.

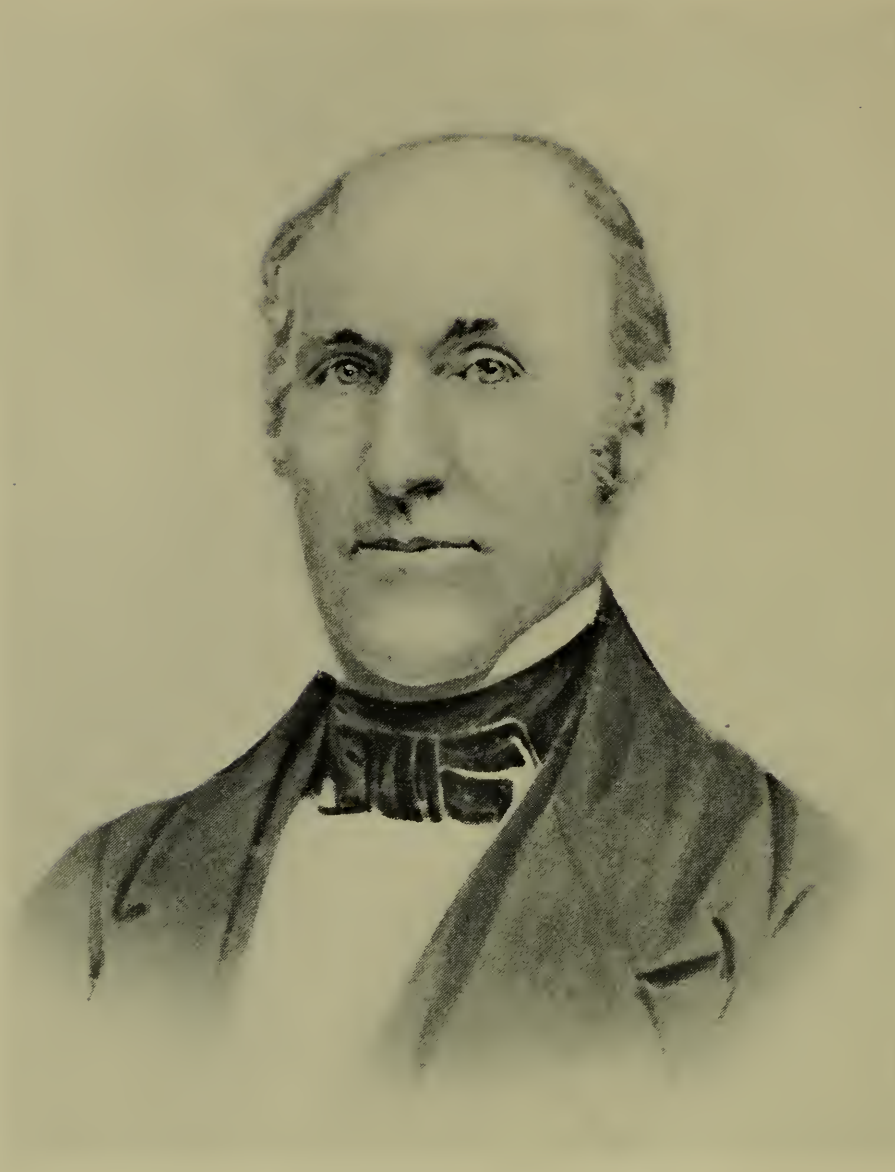
There was at this time, a large immigration from the United States to Canada, of those who had lost faith in the democratic experiment. The American dollar was at its lowest ebb and the government smothered in the debt left from the Revolution. Congress seemed unable to solve the problem and the fear was quite general that this second experiment in democracy would follow the course of France, and too be a failure. A ruined man and forced to start life over again, it may well be that he thought it wise to choose a land with a stable currency and which offered some permanence.

The four isolated communities on the St. Croix river found themselves in an embarassing situation, on the Declaration of War. Almost one community, with many families intermarried on both sides of the river and with close business relations, hostilities were unthinkable. Through the initiative of Duncan McCall, a wise Methodist minister, it was mutually agreed between them that their status would remain as before and strict neutrality be observed. His family therefore escaped the dangers of a border warfare.

Later he moved to Calais, Me., and conducted a boarding-house at the corner of Main and Church Streets, where the old Post Office once stood. When his children had grown up and made homes for themselves on the Canadian side of the river, his sons built for him a house (later occupied by the Hutchinsons, and now by Philip Caswell) in Milltown on the slope of Todd Mountain. On the same street and below him his son Robert had built, next to him his son William, then lower down Freeman, Seth and John. Here the old couple spent their last days.

A granddaughter describes him as a tall man (six feet) slightly stooping and very quiet. His wife was short and stout, "one of those bright cheery bodies, a good manager, to whose wise judgment her family owes much in life. It was their custom to dine with us after church each Sunday and they visited the other members of the family during the week. I remember how glad we children always were to see the old white horse and chaise drive into the yard."

I like this picture of William Todd—a man born in adversity, who by his own endeavors built up a substantial business, and then when revisited by his old enemy, bore his reverses quietly. As he lived on the side of Todd Mountain, looking down on his descendents, so he lies in St. Stephen's Cemetery, on a sloping hillside, with his children sleeping at his feet. He died in 1846.



WILLIAM TODD OF MILLTOWN

WILLIAM TODD, OF MILLTOWN, N. B.

William Todd, born at Yarmouth, Me., June 10th, 1803, one of a family of ten children. As a boy of eight he moved with his family to St. Stephen, N. B., his father ruined by the depredations of British and French privateers and the stoppage of trade with the West Indies.

He described himself as a tall, overgrown boy, who when old enough to care for himself (1825) decided he would like to be a storekeeper. With ten dollars in his pocket (his entire capital) he started for Boston, in a small schooner then the only means of communication. The trip consumed three weeks. His personality and probably his father's former connections gained him credit and he returned with a stock of goods. With this start he died at 71, one of the three wealthiest men in the St. Croix Valley. He removed to Milltown, N. B., in 1820 and married on February 12, 1826, Clarissa Hill.

According to my mother, this was a run-away match and his bride came down a ladder from a second story window into his arms. His suit had progressed satisfactorily until a fatal argument with his prospective father-in-law over how hot Hell was. Abner Hill was of the old school and he wanted his Hell hot—boiling hot. William argued, with the doubts of youth, that a temperate Hell would do as well and that it might not be necessary to frighten humanity into salvation. This was heresy to Abner and he forbade the match. So the young couple chose the old, old route to happiness. I have no means of knowing whether Abner still thinks Hell is boiling hot.

His activities were principally in the lumber business, the chief lucrative industry of the community, although we find him engaged in other fields. He, with F. A. Pike and D. K. Chase, promoted The Lewey's Island Railroad, later, the St. Croix and Penobscot Railroad, and he was its president for many years. He was a promoter and first president of the St. Stephen Branch R. R. and on its reorganization under an amalgamated charter became president of the New Brunswick and Canadian Railway. He was also active in building the Houlton branch of the same system.

I recall as a boy, finding in the drawer of an old desk a bundle of annual passes from many of the Railways of the

United States, the old courtesy existing before Theodore Roosevelt made it illegal. They were unused and I remember my impression of wasted opportunity.

He became director of the St. Stephen Bank in 1844, and its president in 1849, offices that he held until his death. The old bank bills carried a fine engraved likeness of him. At the time of finding the passes I discovered in the same drawer a large roll of these, to my great disappointment all cancelled.

His many activities were those of a well to do citizen in a small community. They embraced real estate, for the records show building operations in Calais, Me., and the sale of lots on long time payments. He was the prime mover in the building of the Academy at Milltown, at that time one of the leading educational institutions of the county.

His reputation brought him political honors in later years. Always a Liberal he became a member of the Legislative Council at Frederickton, N. B., in 1854 and his name appeared in the Queen's Proclamation Constituting the Union. He was awarded a seat in the Dominion Senate at Ottawa in 1867. This was his highest political honor, the position later held by his grandson, The Hon. Irving R. Todd of Milltown. A seat in the Canadian Senate is a life position and Mr. Todd declined it because of his advanced years and because, as he said, he felt he could be of more help in the local house.

This is therefore the picture—a sturdy, worthy citizen who carved a name for himself in an isolate community from nothing at all. A product of the early Victorian, considered a genial gentleman, then, but doubtless sombre and dour according to our modern standards.

He was deacon of the Congregational Church from its organization in 1849 until his death, and the superintendent of the Sunday School for 30 years. He acted as president of the St. Stephen's Auxiliary Bible Society from 1856 to 1870. He never smoked nor drank in the days when Jamaica rum was an article of food. St. Stephen, in his younger days was settled largely, with aristocratic English families with whom drink and card playing were common. The example seems to have shocked him into a total abstainer. It must have been disquieting to him to acknowledge the necessity of supplying

a keg of rum to each of his lumbering camps if he were to keep his men. John S. Springer, in his work "Forest Life and Forest Trees" prints an interview with Mr. Todd, to whom he had gone for information, in which he admits and bemoans the necessity of supplying lumber camps with rum and prays the time will come when it is not necessary.

In his household the morning and evening prayers were never forgotten. Both male and female servants gathered with the family in the sitting room for this purpose. On Saturday night at sundown the week's work was expected to be finished and everything in readiness for the Sabbath, so that the minimum of work would be necessary on Sunday. All secular papers were laid aside and doubtless those dreary Sunday School books brought out. The stable was given a twenty-four hours rest and riding and driving tabooed.

In 1858 the homestead, with nearly all its contents, was destroyed by fire. In its place arose the present buildings, laid out in what was considered in that rural community, elaborate grounds. Studded with ponderous and ornate statuary of the Victorian era, paths lined with Cedar hedges, it was the envy and despair of the countryside. Through it ran MacDougal's Brook ("Doodle's" brook, we children called it,) into which each scion of three generations has fallen not once but many times. Mingling with its babblings has been heard the cries of anxious mother or nursemaid dragging her offspring or charge from its muddy depths. In the old "Chub" hole three generations have learned to swim. In its pools they have caught their first trout, chub and sucker. Like a great adventure it has run through the lives of the Todds for over one hundred years. A sluggish, muddy, meagre brook yet the beginning of thrills for us all.

In the grounds it was his custom to entertain as befitting a gentleman of the old school and his station. I give below the account from a local paper of a garden party there, which might well have come from one of the Rollo books.

"Mr. Editor,

"Dear Sir, I know it is not your custom to give publicity to private social parties in your valuable columns, but I trust you will deviate from your usual

rule to allow Brenda to give your readers an account of the delightful Garden party given by the Hon. William Todd, in hope that those of you readers who can, "will go and do likewise." The grounds of the Honorable gentleman are laid out in exquisite taste and are ornamented with beautiful vases and statuary, the former contrasting well with the rich flowers they contain. A rustic bridge spans the meandering stream, and unites the equally charming residences of father and son. The grand old trees, the profusion of rare and beautiful flowers, the winding walks in which the elegantly dressed guests were promenading, or resting in the vine clad arbors, all presented a most fairy-like scene. But presently the guests were summoned to the lawn on the other side of the house, where an equally interesting scene awaited them. Tables were laden with every delicacy, and seats prepared under the shade of the noble elms. Soon all guests to the number of one-hundred-fifty were earnestly engaged in relieving the tables of their burdens, which were far more tempting to take up than the ones described by Bunyan, which so sorely troubled Christian in his journey. After doing ample justice to the generosity of the host and hostess, the joyous throng returned to the brilliantly lighted and tastefully arranged rooms, or roamed through the gardens until the sensible hour of nine, when most of the guests departed, carrying with them bright and happy remembrance of their kind host and hostess, who, we trust, may long be spared to gather around them many a festive throng of true friends. Trusting they will pardon Brenda for giving this little picture to the public gaze.

"Adieu, Mr. Editor.

"Brenda."

Mrs. Todd died at the age of 54, of pneumonia, the mother of eleven children, four of whom died young.

Some years later, Mr. Todd married again a Miss Haney who survived him. He died in 1874 at the age of 71, from an illness beginning with a severe cold, contracted while making a trip down the Mississippi River.

CHARLES F. TODD

CHARLES FREDERICK TODD

Charles Frederick Todd, son of William Todd, born at the homestead, Milltown, N. B., May 11, 1834. From the local schools, he went with his brothers, Henry and George, to Yarmouth, (Me.) Academy, where they prepared for Bowdoin College, Charles entering the class of 1854. Doubtless an old sentiment took them back to Yarmouth, the birthplace of their father and where relatives were and still are living. The old Academy is yet in thriving condition.

Before me lies his day-by-day diary for 1852, his sophomore year in college, carefully and studiously written with hardly a date missing. The journey to Brunswick, in those days, entailed a ride from Milltown to Railhead, at Waterville, Me.—a five days drive. The following extracts from his entries for these five days are a picture of contemporary locomotion:

> "Feb. 11, 1852.—Stormy. Left home for Brunswick at 4, afternoon. Arrived Rolf's (Princeton) ten."
>
> "Feb. 12. Left Rolf's at about 7. Saw a wolf passing through Indian township. Arrived Pineos at ten. Arrived Woosters at one. Began snowing—horse sick—storming violently. Arrived Burrs(?) seven."
>
> "Feb. 13. Left Burrs (?) 8½. Colder. Stopped to get horse shod. Arrived Lincoln 12½. Attended a dance that evening. Retired 10½. Two in a bed."
>
> "Feb. 14. Left Lincoln 7½. Arrived Passadumkeag 11½. Greenbush for dinner, Oldtown, 5."
>
> "Feb. 15. Sunday. Stopped at Mrs. Davis' last night. Went to church with Mr. Gash, in forenoon. Went to Bangor in the afternoon. Left seven o'clock for Waterville—snowing. Stage upset, two men hurt, bad time. Arrived Waterville 4½ in morning."

But, I like best the entries made on his vacations at home, for life is repetition, and the drives, and walks, and tragic courtships, were common to us all.

> "June 1. Took Anna Maria down to Calais in the afternoon and then went down around the head of the Bay. Had a fine ride." (Of course he did. It's a long way around the head of the Bay and Anna Maria is to be his bride one day.)

"June 9. Took a walk in the evening with A. Darling, E. L. McAllister and Anna Maria. Quite a pleasant walk."

"June 14. Studied in the forenoon. In the afternoon went down after Hannah Bixby, Brought Anna Maria Porter up. Stopped in at Deacon Porter's this evening."

But love's dream did not run without its ripples, for we read at a later date:

"Thursday. Went to ride with Anna Maria Porter. Was heartily glad to get rid of her. Thank fortune this is the last of her for one while."

But I'll wager the cloud soon passed for I knew sweet Anna Maria in later years and I am sure it would have been hard for any man to stay away from her long.

He entered the lumber firm of his father, upon graduation, under the title of William Todd, Jr., & Co. This firm had previously been Todd & McAllister, John McAllister, the partner having named Mr. Todd's sister. Samuel Darling was a silent partner. Both McAllister and Darling had retired and Mr. G. A. Boardman (the naturalist) was then the silent partner. In 1856 Mr. William Todd transferred his interests to his son and the firm became G. A. Boardman & Co., until Mr. Boardman's retirement. Later it became Charles F. Todd and Son.

As the son of a prominent citizen, to whom a substantial legacy had been left, coupled with tireless energy, his progress in business was constant. After his marriage he lived on the grounds of the homestead across "Doodle Brook", but on his father's death, moved into the old homestead, which he constantly improved, spending much time and money during his life, in developing the farm in its rear and the "lane".

His lumbering operations were largely in Maine, centering on Tomah Stream, a tributary of the St. Croix, on which he maintained a large supply station known as Todd's Farm. It was a substantial operation. I have seen 300 head of cattle wintering there, and 25 men swinging their scythes, abreast,

ANNA MARIA PORTER (TODD)

THE MILLS AT MILLTOWN, WITH TODD MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.

down "Broad" meadow, in haying time. Supplies were hauled in during the winter and from there distributed to the various camps on the stream. The nearest habitation was six miles away, and the nearest village sixteen. In this wilderness the younger generation hunted, trapped, and dreamed their dreams. I can still hear the foxes snarling and barking over the offal from the slaughter house across the stream, on those cold nights while Uncle Joe Porter played his violin before the roaring hearth.

Statistics are dull reading but I cannot refrain from quoting from the Industrial Journal for 1885 if only to show the volume of business done, the commercial activity and the wealth created in the border valley of the St. Croix in the days of long timber:

> "The mills of H. F. Eaton & Sons cut yearly about 15,000,000 feet of long lumber, 12,000,000 laths, and 3,000,000 shingles. Eaton Bros. manufacture yearly about 11,000,000 of long lumber, 7,000,000 laths and 3,500,000 shingles. James Murchie & Sons' annual production is about 13,500,000 of long lumber, 4,500,000 shingles, 13,500,000 laths, 275,000 clapboards, and 500,000 pickets. Gates & Wentworth manufacture annually about 8,000,000 of long lumber, 7,000,000 laths and pickets, 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 shingles and 70,000 feet of spoolwood. This cluster of mills (on the American side), it will be seen, has and annual production of nearly 50,000,000 feet of long lumber, 40,000,000 laths and pickets and 15,000,000 shingles, besides clapboard, spool stock and other short lumber.
>
> Charles F. Todd, on the St. Stephen side of the river, manufactures yearly about 7,000,000 of long lumber, 7,000,000 shingles and 7,000,000 laths. Mr. Todd owns in Princeton and on Tomah Stream and vicinity 37,000 acres of land, on which he has valuable farms that yield him a hay product of a thousand tons. Among his other crops this season were 475 bushels of wheat, 1200 bushels of potatoes. On these farms he keeps from 250 to 300 head of cattle, mostly grade Durhams and Herefords, and from 50 to 60 horses. F. H. Todd & Sons, St. Stephen, manufacture from 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 of long lumber annually,

> besides about 1,000,000 laths and 800,000 shingles. On Township No. 4, Range 9, near Mount Katahdin and on Penobscot waters, they own 25,000 acres of land where they will cut from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 feet of logs the coming winter."

The seed of the Puritan father bore fruit in the son. Like his father he never smoked nor drank. He was deacon in the same church and for many years Superintendent in the same Sunday School. He was director of the St. Stephen Bank while his brother, Henry, was its president.

His interests steadily increased until they embraced a line of coast-wise schooners which carried the output from his mills down the Atlantic coast and for awhile as far as the Argentine. A man that never saved himself, with his working-hours the round of the clock.

In his late forties his health broke down and his physicians advised a letup with his winters in Florida. It was the time of the first boom—1887 and 1888. Infatuated with the climate and the future he saw in it as a winter resort, he transferred many of his investments from Canada there. He became as active there as he had been at home, but with the weakened judgment of a sick man. He was one of the promoters of the Florida Southern Railway, (now the southern end of the Atlantic Coast Line, running South from Palatka to Fort Myers). With a group of fellow enthusiasts he built St. James City, at the southern end of Pine Island, Charlotte Harbor, Florida, which was then the most southern town on the west coast. It was planned that the Florida Southern would build a branch line from Punta Gorda to St. James City, and it was to become the most southern railway terminus in the United States, with deep water facilities. The development included a pier, hotel, schools, cottages and stores. Much of the lumber was sent from his own mills in Canada and workmen were sent with it for the construction. Before this he had invested largely in the newly discovered phosphate lands about Bartow, Fla.

The story of the end of this boom is history. Suffice it to say that no railroad ever reached St. James City. Real estate values crumbled and what was at one time a possible town is now mangrove jungle with but two or three families living on

its overgrown streets. The financial reverses instant to these ventures hastened his end. He died in July, 1893, at the age of 59. His widow survived him and occupied the homestead until her death, on February 25, 1903.

From the sermon preached at her death I extract the following:

"There has just ceased to be lived among us, a life that was a vindication of the truth urged upon you today. Possessed of many of earth's best gifts, yet her chiefest treasure was in Heaven.

"With what tenderness she loved this life, how naturally and fondly she clung to the beauties and comforts of her surroundings, yet when the summons came, she made fitting preparations for her departure. No hurry, and flurry, and fear at the last, but with characteristic readiness and promptness she was prepared to meet her Lord. She was 'no confused wi' the flittin' ".

IRVING RANDALL TODD

Irving Randall Todd, son of Charles F. Todd, was born in Milltown on December 15th, 1861. He was the first child of his parents, born six years after their marriage, so his advent was hailed with a special joy.

From the local schools he passed on, at thirteen, to the Hallowell Classical Institute whose guiding lights seem to have been a Calvinistic repression coupled with self-righteousness. This was no mould into which a high-spirited boy, such as he was, could possibly fit. After several rustications for minor offences, the final rupture came when he and two friends stole from the school kitchen a large dish of mashed potato standing ready for the Sunday dinner. Hurrying it to an up-stairs window directly over the front door, they catapulted, at a strategic moment, a vegetable avalanche so that is struck the Principal on the top of his high hat just as his foot was on the threshold. Naturally, all smiles ceased for Irving as far as the Hallowell Classical Institute was concerned, and he was sent home, for good and all, to the family wood pile. Thus, his education, in the strictly scholastic sense of the word, ended at the age of fifteen, though, in his case, it would be more accurate to say that it had a beginning, for he was at maturity, better read and a clearer thinker than most Bachelors of Art. Paternal discipline enforced a long penance at the saw-horse. He reported in later life that he sawed cords and cords. Finally he was promoted to hauling provisions to Todd Farm, a thirty mile trek over winter roads. Gradually, as his father's health went from bad to worse, he assumed an increasingly responsible position in the family business, this long before he was out of his teens, so his expulsion from school which seemed to his parents at the time a major disaster, proved in the end a great blessing.

On June 20, 1883, Irving married Frances Esther Boardman (to him she was always "Fan"). It was the happiest of marriages.

At his father's death in 1893, the lumber business, the mills, and the timber lands had to be sold to meet a great indebtedness which faced the family at that time. Every penny of the

SENATOR IRVING R. TODD

debt was paid off. This meant for Irving, at thirty-one, a fresh start in life without money, without even a job. However, he soon found work as secretary of the Log Driving Association and from that he moved on to the purchasing of a wood lot here and there, and still later to the buying of pulp wood on commission. From very small beginnings the business increased until it reached very extensive proportions as the Eastern Pulp Wood Co.

In 1911, before he had reached the age of fifty, he sold the business. Possibly he had his father's broken life in mind. There was, too, the suspicion of a latent heart weakness. He went to England in 1912 with the half-formed idea that he might make a home there, but an attack of asthma, the first appearance of an enemy that was to beset him for many years, brought him back to Canada.

The Great War gave an ample outlet for his energetic abilities in work for the Belgian Relief Fund, the Victory Loan Campaign, and recruiting.

In March, 1918, came the entirely unexpected offer from Sir Robert Borden of a seat in the Canadian Senate. Ottawa meant much for him. It was an entering into a larger field than had been his. How he was viewed there cannot be better expressed than in some words his great friend, Arthur Meighen, the Conservative leader, said of him in the Senate after his death. "I shall find it hard to speak of Senator Todd in terms unmixed with emotion. He was one of those peculiarly unselfish men whose counsel can be sought in the certain assurance that it would be given without the remotest trace of self-interest. Anything that might bias his judgment seemed to have no place at all in his constitution. From the wealth of his experience and the high quality of his intellect, he gave of his best while he was in public life. I never felt quite so free to seek the advice of perhaps any other member of this honourable body as I did in consulting Senator Todd."

In these last, hard weeks he looked back on life and said how happy, as a whole, it had been.

He had to travel a very rough bit of road at the end. He never complained. He showed a quality finer even than patience or resignation, an acceptance of what he had to bear as a natural

thing in the day's round. His only thought seemed to be to make what was happening to him as easy for those around him, especially for his dearly-loved wife, as he possibly could. On December 26, 1932, as the sun was setting over Todd Mountain, he said to his son, "I wonder what the next thing on the programme will be". Before another dawn, he knew.

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